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THE BOGIE MAN



ROTH CROSBY DIMMICK



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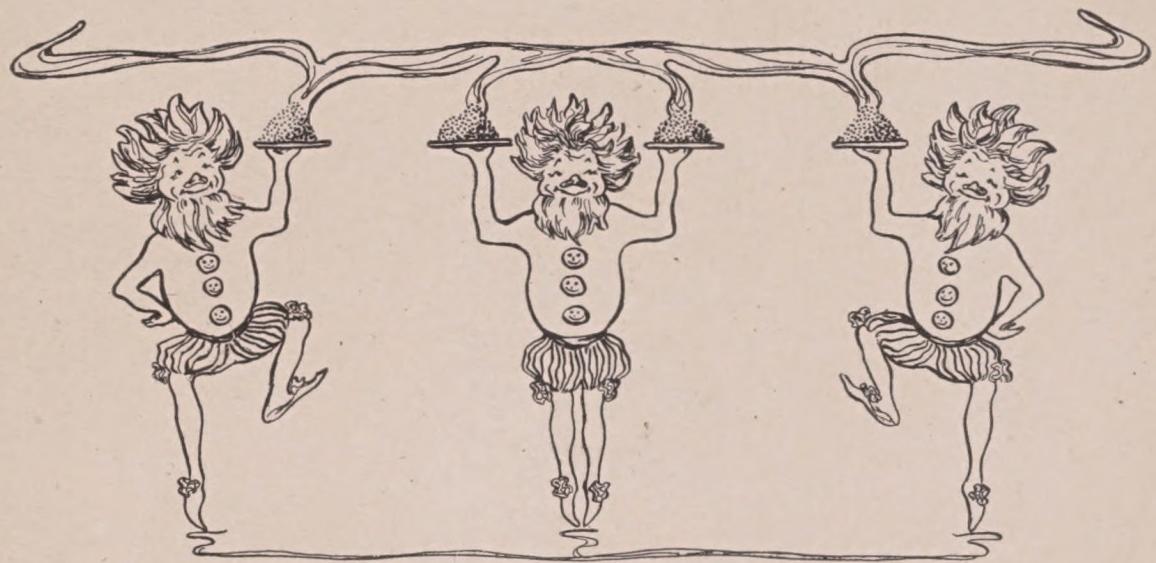
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THE BOGIE MAN



BY

RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK



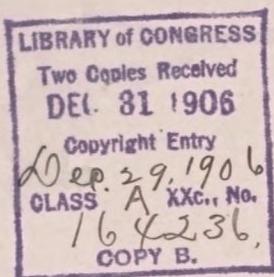
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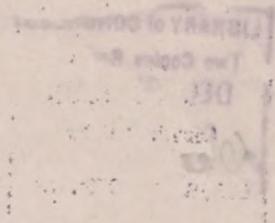
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THE BOGIE MAN



There was once a little fellow
Named Alonzo Benton Brown,
Who resided with his mother
In a little well-known town.

He had rather pleasing manners
And a winning sort of way,
But was sometimes very naughty
And in mischief every day.

He was fond of digging ditches
In the garden neat and trim,
Making holes and wells and caverns,
Though his mother scolded him.

And she often said: "Alonzo,
You're as bad as bad can be
And the Bogie Man will get you
If you do not mind, you see."



But he kept on madly digging,
With his back in bow shape bent,
And one day, all of a sudden,
Through a hole his old spade went.

Then the earth began to open
And Alonzo Benton Brown
Found that he was quickly sinking
Out of view, and dropping down.



Down he went, it seemed for ages,
But at last he struck firm ground,
In a heap, all stunned and dizzy,
Though his senses soon came round.

Then he saw two big eyes staring
Boldly through the darkness dim,
And a massive shaggy creature
Raised itself and came to him.



Maybe now this naughty fellow
Wasn't frightened most to death,
As his knees began to fail him
And he had to gasp for breath.

And his teeth commenced to chatter
'Till their rattle filled the air,
As he gazed upon the monster
With his shock of matted hair.



He recalled the many scoldings
And the whippings he had had,
And remembered how he'd suffered
Many times when he'd been bad.

But the whippings and the scoldings
Were as so much fun compared
With the fear that now possessed him;
He was never half so scared.



MBN

When his voice returned he faltered:
“Pleas, oh please sir, who are you?
“Why, the ‘Bogie Man’ they call me,”
Came reply, “I thought you knew”

Well, his plight was most pathetic,
For Alonzo Benton Brown
Knew at home he was referred to]
As the “baddest boy in town.”



Oh! how clear his mother's warning,
That so oft had been unheard,
Sounded now and pierced his conscience,—
He remembered every word.

And his lips began to quiver;—
Down his cheeks the hot tears ran
As he stood within the presence
Of the awful Bogie Man.



But a voice of gentle kindness
Said: "Don't be afraid of me,
Really, I would never harm you
Though I am a sight to see.

I am not the kind of fellow
You have heard bad things about
As you may yourself discover
If you still possess a doubt,



For today I give a party
And as yet we have not dined,
And I'd like to have you join us
If you feel that way inclined."

And Alonzo looking at him
With a glance of queer surprise,
Saw that only kindness glistened
In the great depths of his eyes.



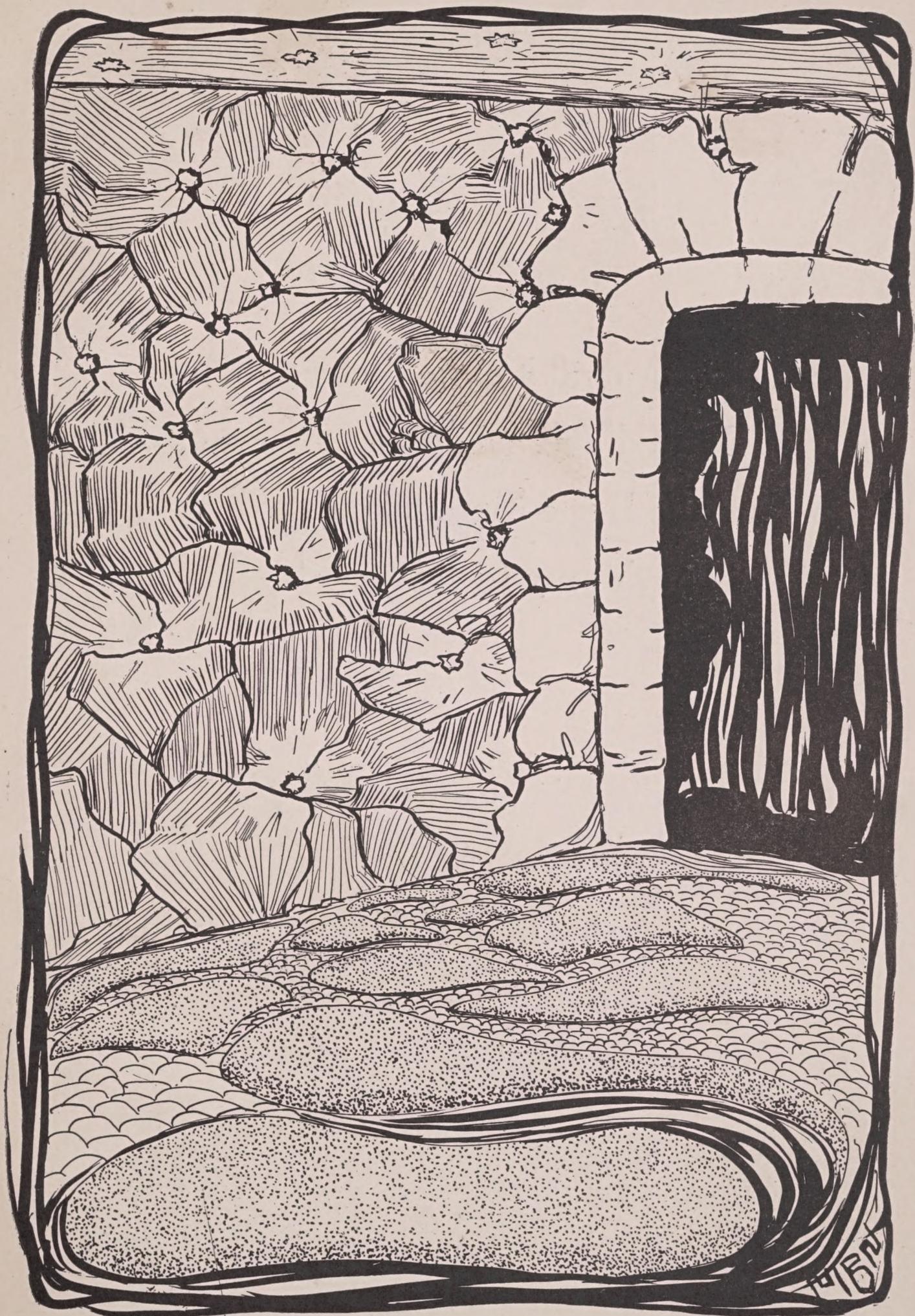
So he said: "I guess I'll join you,"
And then let himself be led
Through a long and narrow pathway
Where bright rocks shone overhead.

Though the way was dimly lighted,
They soon came from out the gloom
Into quite a brilliant radiance
Shed about a pretty room.



Gems were set in wall and ceiling
And soft moss o'erlaid the floor
While an arch of marble whiteness
Formed an entrance at the door.

And there in the very centre
Was a gorgeous table spread
Loaded down with nuts and apples,
Lucious pies and gingerbread.



While around it several children
Danced and laughed in joyous glee.
Said the Bogie Man quite proudly:
“They’re my friends and fond of me.”

Then advancing to the centre,
With a very sprightly tread,
He went shaking hands among them,
Patting each upon the head.



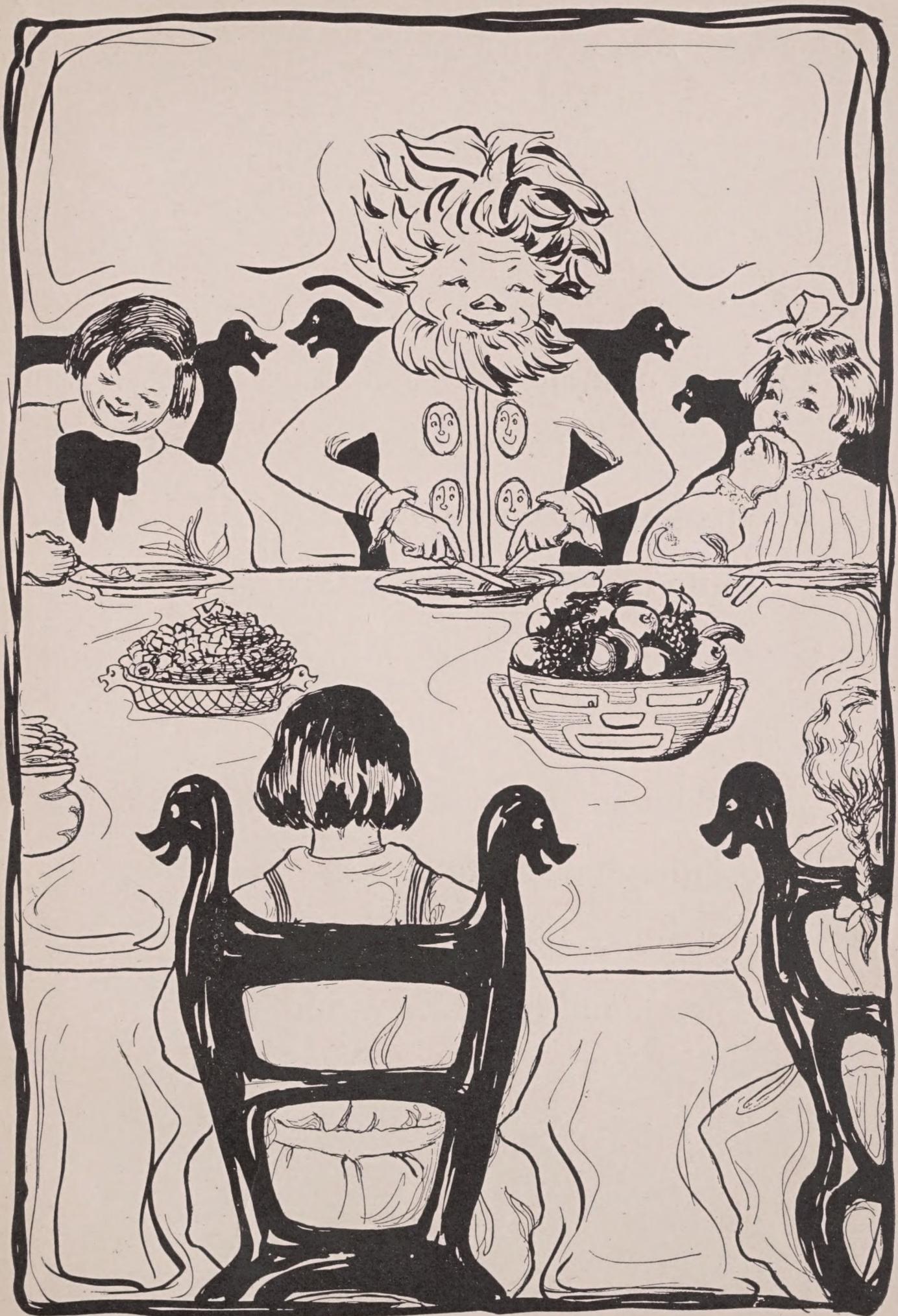
Said he hoped they all would join him
In the feast he had prepared,
While Alonzo stood with wonder
In his eyes and simply stared.

After proper introduction
He felt very much at home
And instead of being frightened
Now was glad that he had come.



Soon another chair was added
And lo! he was given seat
With the Bogie Man beside him,
And they all began to eat.

Then some funny little fellows,
Having each a shaggy head,
Came to pass the food among them
And to see that all were fed.



Oh! the dinner was delicious
And there never reigned such mirth
As the girls and boys enjoyed
In this cavern of the earth.

And they ate as though quite famished—
As they never ate before,
And they ate until—well really—
They could not eat any more.



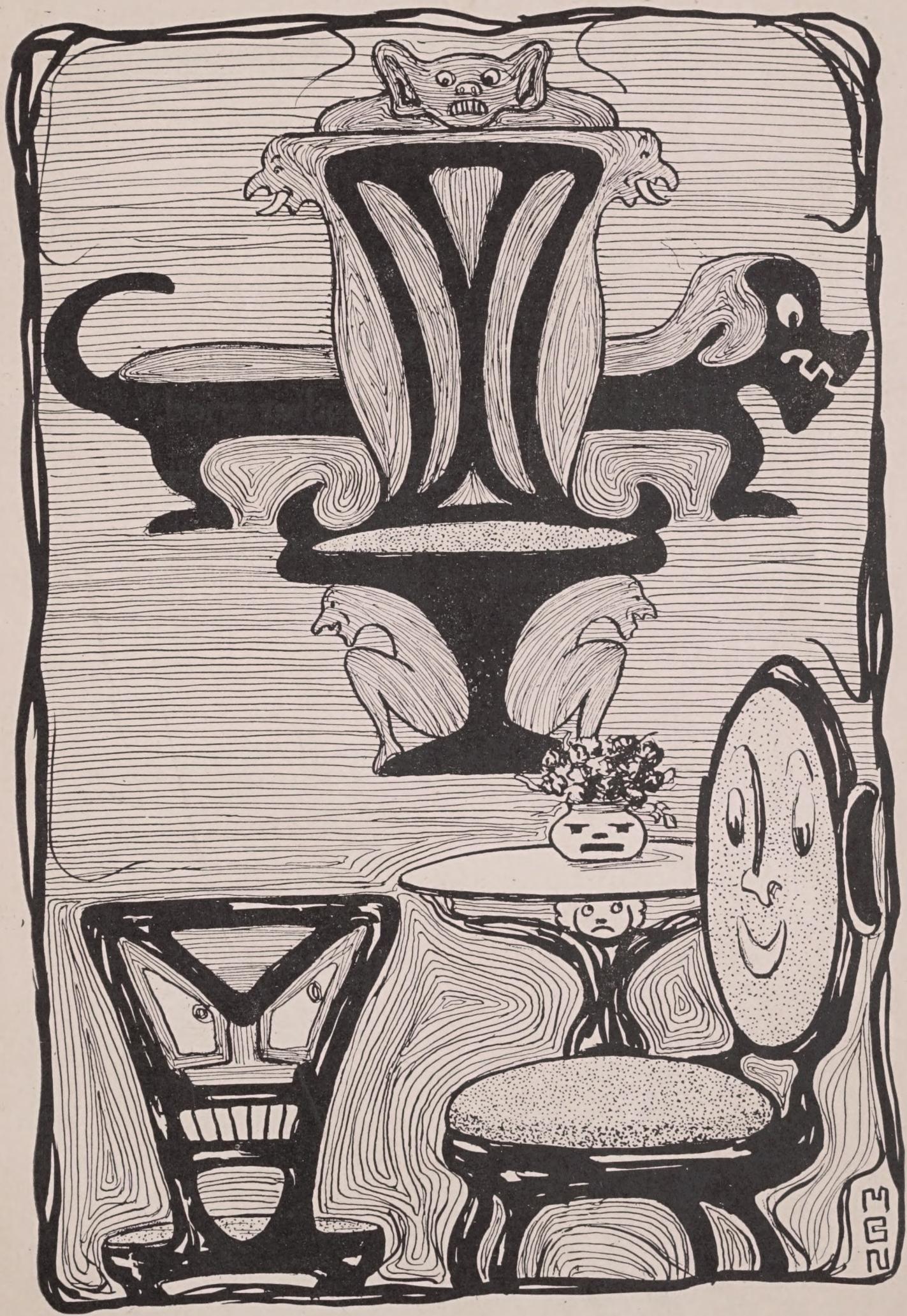
When at last the food had vanished
And the plates were cleared away,
They went wandering through the cavern
Where the Bogie Man held sway.

It had many points of interest ;
Odd old rooms and passageways
Winding here and there and yonder
'Till they formed a perfect maze.



All the shapes and styles and sizes
Of the furnishings were queer
For their host had made collection
Through the country far and near.

Now when they were through inspecting,
—As it still was early day—
They began to cast about them
For a game they all might play.



One suggested "Ring a Rosy,"
"Blind Man's Buff," another cried,
"London Bridge," chimed in another,
But they couldn't quite decide,

Then the Bogie Man stepped forward
And he said: "If I might speak,
I'd suggest you youngsters join me
In a game of 'Hide and Seek.'



MGR

Here's the place at your disposal,
And along the halls outside
There are many little crannies,
Just the thing in which to hide."

Now this idea seemed to please them,
So they formed into a row
While a little girl stood counting:
"Eeny meeny miny mo."



And the Bogie Man was chosen.

My! but weren't the children pleased
When the great big shaggy fellow
Acted as if he were teased.

Then they romped about and scampered,
Having just the greatest fun
'Till the hours grew and lengthened
And the day was nearly done.



Your dear parents, I am fearful,
Will mistrust you've come to harm
And may go about the city
Searching for you in alarm.

Yet I hope my home you'll visit
Very often though, you know,
I'm a rather busy fellow
And forever on the go.



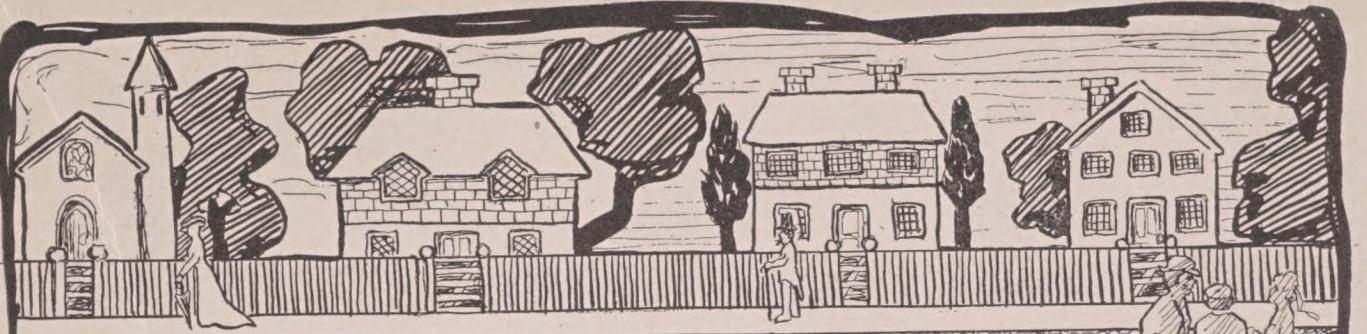
But as light was artificial
In this underground subway,
It was not an easy matter
To distinguish night from day ;

Though the Bogie Man knew always,
And at length he said "Now come,
You must stop your frolic, children,
It is time you started home.



Then the youngsters closely gathered
Round their jolly host, to say
They had had a splendid outing
And were loath to go away.

And when each had done his duty
In the way of gratitude,
They were led out through the subway
To a stairway rough and crude.



But on Tuesdays you can find me
Round about this neighborhood,
And if you will seek the cavern
Near to where the old mill stood,

On most any Tuesday morning,
You may there discover me
And we'll come down here together
For another glorious spree."



MBIN

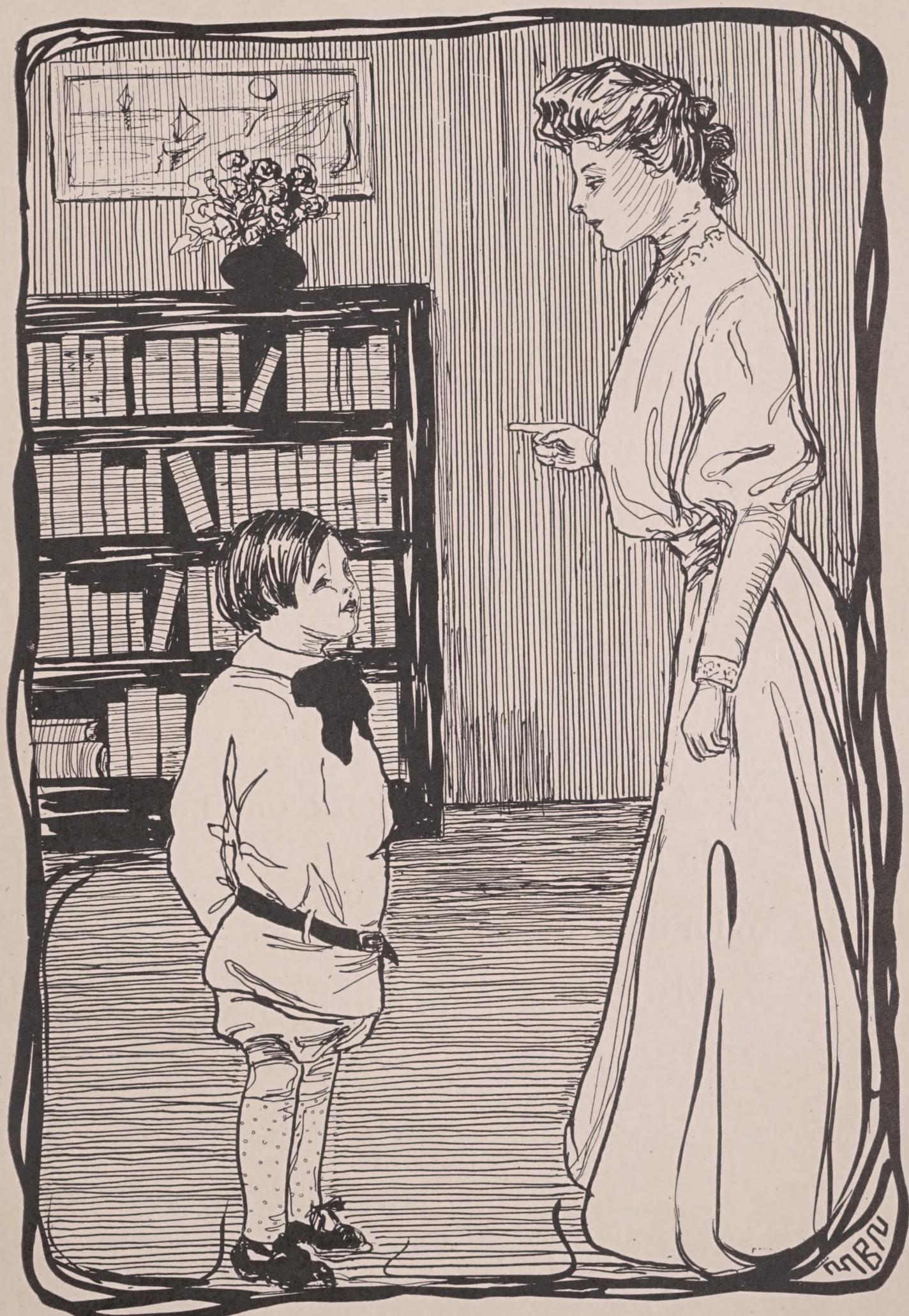
Then they scampered quickly homeward
And as through the streets they ran
They were not the least bit frightened
Of the "awful Bogie Man."

Now when young Alonzo Benton
Reached his home all out of breath
He was told that his poor mother
Had been worried most to death.



It was built of vines and branches
And they climbed it one by one,
Coming out nearby the village
Just at setting of the sun.

At the entrance of the cavern
They turned back to say good-bye
To the dear old shaggy fellow
Who departed with a sigh.



ЛВЛ

Off to bed without his supper
He was hurried then and there
While with much surprise his mother
Wondered why he didn't care.

Very soon the Sand Man found him
In his little trundle bed
With the strangest sort of fancies
Madly flitting through his head.



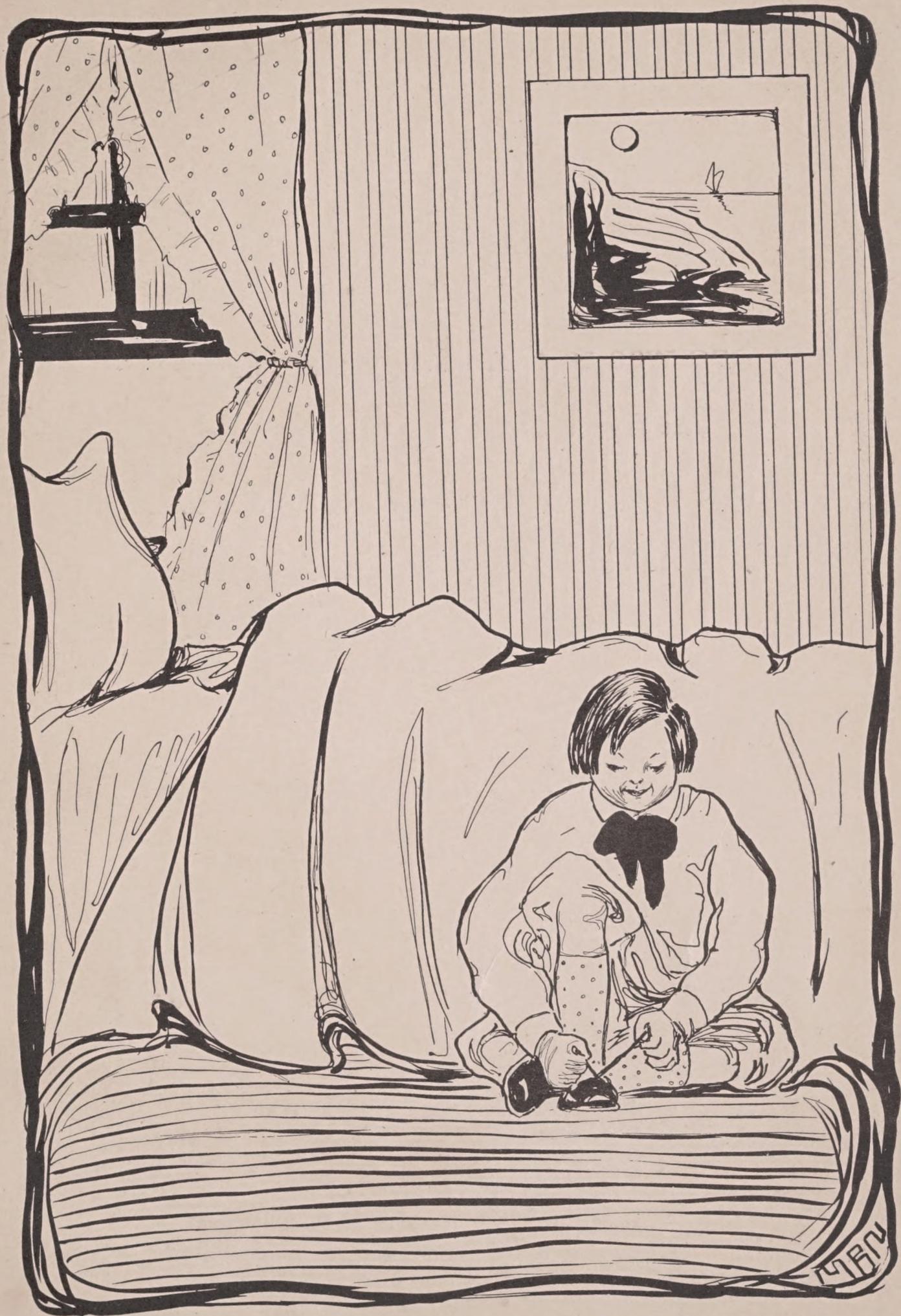
And she scolded him severely
For returning home so late.
Said: "the Bogie Man will get you,
You young rascal, sure as fate."

But he smiled a smile all knowing
And had not a word to say
When she asked him many questions
As to where he'd been all day.



At the early break of morning,
When he heard the breakfast bell,
He was wide awake and dressing,
Still determined not to tell.

But on seeking out his mother,
When her troubled face was seen,
All at once his heart relented
And he told her where he'd been.



She was so completely staggered
At the wond'rous tale he told,
She forgot, when he had finished,
That she really meant to scold.

It had been her firm conviction
That the Bogie Man was bad,
As that was the reputation
Through the country that he had.



From that day Alonzo Benton
Was the wonder of the town,
And the children who'd been with him
Also shared in his renown.

Girls and boys came by the dozen,
Some of them from miles away,
Just to hear about the frolic
That their playmates had that day.



They would sit around a circle
As the twilight shadows fell
While with bated breath they listened
To the tales their friends would tell.

And forever, ever after
They looked forward with delight
To a visit with the monster
From whom once they ran in fright.



Now this tale is not intended
To encourage naughty boys
Who are fond of disobeying
And are always making noise,

But it merely goes to show you,
In the simplest way it can,
What a jolly sort of fellow,
Is the “awful Bogie Man.”



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